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AN

# ORATION,

Delivered before an

# AUDIENCE

OF

# DISTILLERS.

By *BAALZEBUB.*

*Fœlix quem Faciunt, Aliena pericula cautum.*

*LONDON:*

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TO

That faithful Delineator,

Of the Virtues and Vices, Wiſdom and Folly,
Of Mankind,

*W———m H———th*, Eſq;

High Steward of the Antient and Populous
Borough of *Guzzledown*,

Sole Proprietor of *Beer-Street* and *Gin-Lane*,

In *Engliſh-Ward*,

The following ORATION,

Lately delivered to a Numerous and Splendid
Auditory,

In *Gin-Lane* CHAPPEL,

Is moſt humbly dedicated

BY

The Tranſcriber.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of the following Eſſay, is ſincerely ſorry that any Man, much more that a numerous and reſpectable Body of Men, ſhould deſerve not only the Satire therein contained, but a much ſeverer Puniſhment: And happy would it be for them, and their Neighbours, if the Cenſurers of Men, and Judgments of God, could prevail with them to forſake the Evil of their Ways, and do Works meet for Repentance.

HE knows many Perſons, who might be very good Chriſtians, if they were not Diſtillers: but as the ſame Pretences to Religion and Virtue, would not ſanctify a Highwayman, he thinks it cannot a Diſtiller, who is more injurious to human Society, and criminal in the Sight

Sight of God, than the profligate or neceſſitous Wretch, that robs upon the Highway.

THEY, who attentively regard the conſequences of things, are convinced that the Diſtillery is as injurious to the Farmers, as it is to the (almoſt innumerable) Herd of Gin-drinkers; by leſſening the Conſumption, and conſequently the Price, of their valuable Productions, and gradually ſinking them into Slavery; for Slaves they muſt be, to them or to their ſtockjobbing, engroſſing Agents, if Diſtillers ſhould be again permitted to go about, like roving Lions, ſeeking whom they may devour.

To this miſchievous Trade, may with ſtrict Propriety be applied the Words of *Oldham*, in his ſecond Satire againſt the Jeſuits.

*Nay, if our Sins are grown ſo high of late,*
*That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our Fate.*
*May't pleaſe ſome milder Veng'ance to deviſe,*
*Plague, Fire, Sword, Death, or any thing but this.*

*Let*

*Let a new Deluge overwhelm again*
*Our Land; and end, at once our Lives and Sin!*
*To theſe we wou'd ſubmit, and humbly pray,*
*To have this worſt of Ills remov'd away.*
*Judgments of other kinds are often ſent*
*To ſave; and Mercy's mixt with Puniſhment.*
*But, where this ſpreads, it ſhews the People's State*
*Quite deſp'rate; and they're ſentenc'd reprobate.*
*Wonder no longer, why no Curſe like this*
*Was known or ſuffer'd in the earlier Days.*
*They never ſinn'd enough to merit it:*
*'Tis therefore what juſt Providence thinks fit,*
*To ſcourge our latter, more degen'rate Age,*
*With all the Dregs, and Squeezings, of its Rage.*

If then the Health, Comfort, and Uſefulneſs of the lower Claſs of *Britons*, who are, or ought to be, the Strength and Riches of their Country, be worth the ſerious Regard of Patriots; and if their eternal Welfare deſerves the At-

Attention of Chriſtians, I hope our Guardians will anſwer all the importunate Requeſts, and ſpecious Pretences, of thoſe Depopulators of their Country, in the Words of *David*: "Let "us fall now into the Hand of the Lord, for "his Mercies are great, but let us not fall into "the Hands of Men."

# The INVOCATION.

LET us invoke all the Powers on Earth, and under the Earth, for the whole State of the *Britiſh* Diſtillery. And let us implore the Aid and Aſſiſtance of thoſe immortal Shades, who dared to rival the Lord of Heaven, and are inveſted with the Power of the Air; by which they go to and fro upon the Earth, to deceive and ſeduce Mankind: That there may never be wanting Arguments to delude, nor Bribes to corrupt, ſuch as have it in their Power, to reſtore the Still to its former flouriſhing Condition; and may the Gates of Heaven never prevail againſt it.

FOR the Sake of all Gin-drinkers, let us pray, that all thoſe who oppoſe the Manufacture of *Britiſh* Spirits, may be born down by the Powers of Darkneſs: May their Underſtandings be ſo clouded againſt ſound Policy, and their Hearts be ſo hardened againſt Humanity, or Compaſſion for their Fellow-creatures; that you, my Children, may be allowed to convert the beſt

Wheat into the worſt Poyſon: And that Men and Women, old and young, may henceforth prefer Gin to Bread, and the Comforts of this Life, and future Deſtruction, to eternal Happineſs.

THEN you will encreaſe in Wealth and Pride, and muſt for Gain neglect the Voice of God, and the Checks of Conſcience, till the Meaſure of your Iniquities ſhall run over; then may you grow up to ſuch a Stature, as ſhall fit you for Advancement in my Dominions, where you ſhall enjoy, and be everlaſtingly rewarded with, Rivers of burning Spirits, double rectified.

AND as our Intereſts are inſeparable, may no Enemy to you and me, partaking of the deteſtable Zeal of a DRAPER, prevent theſe our Invocations and Succeſs. But, being aſſiſted by all the Powers of Hell, and by our Friends on Earth, may you go on and proſper, ſteadily purſuing every Meaſure, that may advance my Kingdom, and Power, and your own Intereſt and Glory, *So be it.*

# AN ORATION, &c.

*My Servants and Worſhippers,*

I HAVE convened you here this Day, to renew my Promiſes of Aſſiſtance, and to exhort you to Perſeverance in my Service.

WONDER not, if I harangue you on this Occaſion, in the Words of one, that came into the World to deſtroy the Works of the Devil: I am engaged at this time to be abſent from my own Poſſeſſions, for your Intereſt; and it is but right, before I proceed further, to aſk you, *Whether ye are able to drink of the Cup, that I ſhall drink of?*

TRUTH is Truth, though from an Enemy; the Words of the Queſtion I've propoſed to you, were ſpoken by my greateſt Enemy, and yours: For were you infected with one of the Maxims of Jeſus, which we call Hereſy, every one of you would leave off that gainful, honourable Employment of Diſtilling, as it is now practiſed by you Gentlemen, who bear the Title of Diſtillers.

THEY, who hope for my Aſſiſtance, muſt do my Will in all things: They muſt take their Part in all the Meaſures which I ſhall find neceſſary, to ſupport and promote my Intereſt, and theirs: Sure you cannot be ſlothful, in a Buſineſs ſo advantageous, nor ungrateful to your conſtant Friend, and unwearied Interceſſor: Remember one good Turn deſerves another.

FORGIVE me, deareſt Friends! if, like you, I acknowledge and murmur at ſuperior Power; and, in the Overflowings of my Rage againſt Heaven, to which neither of us can poſſibly be reconciled, notwithſtanding all our Pretences, Artifices, or Diſguiſes; I blab ſome Secrets between us, which ſhould never be revealed on Earth. But, as you have hitherto ſtood as firm to my Intereſt, and your own, as any Convocation of —— in *Chriſtendom*, I hope you'll not be affrighted, or affronted, to hear

hear the Devil declare his Joy and Gratitude, as I do this Day.

Go on, worthy Rectifiers! and may Succeſs crown your Endeavours, till every Temple of the Holy Spirit be filled with Spirits of your own preparing: Spirits ſo repleat with Fire, that every human Body may become a Hell on Earth, and perfectly fitted for everlaſting Burnings!

Instead of Grace, that Goſpel Antidote to my Doctrine, may Gin henceforward be ſufficient for Mortals: Sufficient for all the important Purpoſes, for which you have kindly deſigned it (that is to ſay) to intoxicate the Brain, to baniſh Reaſon, to inflame the Paſſions, to enervate the human Frame, to empty the Purſe, and to make Men, whilſt in this World, as deſtitute of Care, Fear, Shame, Remorſe, and Hope, as any of the Inhabitants of our ſpacious, populous Empire below.

Nothing can be a greater Diſhonour, to one in my Situation, than to be too honeſt; I muſt therefore reſtrain the Impetus of my Zeal, and prepare ſome Milk for Babes, till you are all grown up to that Meaſure and Stature of conſummate Wickedneſs, to which every brave and witty Man ſhould earneſtly aſpire: Without which the greateſt of Mortals had been, as little regarded or remembered, as others.

For,

For, ſome of you ſeem to have weak Plants of Grace ſtill alive in your Hearts, did not the Love of Eaſe and Wealth, ſtifle them in their Growth, and prevent their Increaſe. You, I am afraid, at ſometimes faintly reſolve to renounce the Devil and all his Works: Vain Reſolution! You have all either ſerved an Apprenticeſhip to my Works, or have ſtole the Trade, and been cunning enough to cheat the Devil, at your Beginning. You muſt either diſtil, or work, or ſtarve: And, from what I have hitherto ſeen of your Actions, there is none of you, but would rather be damned hereafter, than be poor, miſerable drudging Wretches upon Earth. Others indeed would, though Diſtillers, endeavour to wear a Form of Godlineſs: They belong to this or that Conventicle; having Conſciences very ſcrupulous, which laudably ſtrain at a Gnat, and ſwallow a Camel. In ſome particular Opinions of no Conſequence, or Importance, they can't, nor won't, be conformable to this World. But Gain and Envy, Pride and Malice, like *Cæſar*'s Arms, throw down all Diſtinctions, and make all (you Gentlemen eſpecially) of one Mind. Theſe different Ways, which many of you take, to appear in the Service of my Enemy, are to me indifferent; whilſt I behold the Bent and Inclination of your Minds, is to do my Will, and am convinced that you cannot ſerve God and Mammon.

In a late Conſultation, in *Pandæmonium*, on the Banks of *Phlegeton* (a River you have doubtleſs heard of, which having burnt violently above four Thouſand Years, was almoſt dry'd up, had not ſeveral Thouſand Tons of your Spirits been of late Years conveyed into it) it was reſolved to add ſome Thouſands to our infernal Peerage; and, for your late important Services, that Honour was to be conferred on Gentlemen of your Order, and thoſe of another Order*, which in moſt Countries where they can get footing, are as eminently miſchievous as yourſelves. But, alas! you Gentlemen are the only Perſons now in *Britain*, who deſerve to be Devilized: yet, if you can't, or don't, fulfil my Will, I have other Children, you know not of; by whom I hope, nay I doubt not but my Kingdom, will be ſtrengthned, and encreaſed: And who may, in a little Time, compenſate the Loſs, we Inhabitants of the Regions below, are like to ſuſtain; ſhould Law triumph over the Still, and Benevolence reſtrain the inconſiderate from deſtroying themſelves by your Poiſon, and ſave many Gin-drinkers from Perdition, like Brands plucked out of the Fire.

Have you not obſerved, the little Regard paid by the Clergy, to inſtruct their Flocks; how they leave the Cure of Souls to Hirelings, and

* The *Jeſuits*.

and the Fold open for every Wolf to enter, and devour their Sheep, and Lambs? Have you not alſo noticed, the little Regard the People pay to that Order of Men, who are ſet apart to watch the Motions of the Devil, and to defend the Servants of God, from his Temptations? And how they are now almoſt diſtracted, by the Pretenſions of an amphibious Order *, to a new Correſpondence with the Inhabitants of the Manſions above? By ſuch Means the Goſpel muſt be injured, Truth is diſguiſed and ſmothered, Deluſion is propagated, and the Number of my Servants mightily encreaſed. Thoſe that are left to mere Nature, thoſe whoſe Religion is Uncharitableneſs, and thoſe, who are driven to Deſpair, ſeldom fail to go to the Devil.

DOTH not the State of Phyſic in this Nation, furniſh our Devilſhip with more Expectations? The venereal Diſeaſe, which your Forefathers were aſhamed to name, is become ſo common, that it brings great Gains to my Devotees, who publiſh their Noſtrums, under the Names of Elixir's, Panacea's, Tinctures, Antiſyphilicons, and other rectified ſpiritual Doſes.

THUS you ſee in what a fair Way, my Kingdom is to be enlarged, by thoſe ſpiritual, as well as phyſical Empiricks, who publiſh, what

* *Methodiſts.*

what they call never-failing Remedies for all the Diſeaſes, both of Soul, and Body. The ſpiritual Quacks, who pretend to be new Lights of the Goſpel, make their Followers, or Proſelytes, two-fold more the Children of Darkneſs, than they were before: And the phyſical Quacks encourage Debauchees, and ſend them headlong into the bottomleſs Pit, before they have time to conſider of their latter End, and repent.

When you, Gentlemen, were nominated to the Peerage of Hell, the Motion had paſſed *Nemine Contradicente*, had not *Baccus* ſtood up, and ſpoke againſt it: And I aſſure you, he being the Patron of Drunkenneſs, a Vice! which you are more zealous to propagate, than Papiſts are their Faith, or Proteſtants to propagate the Goſpel; all the infernal Powers liſtned to him with profound Attention.

He began with ſome Sentences in *Latin*, not as Flouriſhes of Learning, but becauſe it was, I find, his Mother Tongue. The Meaning thereof was: That Times and Manners were ſtrangely changed; that fallen Spirits were now fallen indeed; and that Heroes would take it ill, to be ſupplanted by upſtart Tradeſmen. To which he added; What, in the Name of *Styx*, have theſe People done,

to merit ſo great Honours? Do their Liquors inſpire thoſe who drink them, with Joy and Courage? Do they make Men and Women ſtrong, and plump, and agreeable? Do they aſſiſt the Brave, and the Amorous, in the Field and the Bedchamber? Thus did Wine. But, on the contrary, their Liquors are found to conſume the Fleſh, to corrupt the Blood, to relax the Nerves, and to exhauſt the Spirits of thoſe devoted to them; and render them as unfit for Hell, as they are for the World from whence they come, like an untimely Birth. I confeſs we muſt make Room for ſuch Rubbiſh, when *Charon* ſhoots it upon us; but, are either the Worms, or the Devils, thankful for Bodies and Souls thus emaciated and diſabled? Poverty and Diſeaſes waſte all their Fleſh, and ſo many Torments have by turns poſſeſſed their Minds, that Hell is to them rather a Place of Eaſe than Puniſhment: And, had we not ſeveral Artiſts from the Inquiſition, the Devils would lament the Taſk of torturing them; and unanimouſly declare, that ſuch Perſons are not worth Fuel and Labour.

If then (continued he) you have any Deſign to perpetuate your Dominion on Earth, reſtrain the Uſe of ſpirituous Liquors; otherwiſe, the human Race will be quickly deſtroyed: Then you will be in want both of Em-

Employment and Diverſion. Beſides, thoſe ſpirituous Liquors ſend Multitudes of Infants to Heaven, who might have encreaſed our Numbers, had they lived to be Men and Women. In this caſe, they do us more Hurt than Good. Let not your Tyranny appear ſo barefaced, 'till Mankind cannot eſcape; for fear ſupreme Benevolence ſhould reſtore Mortals to their Reaſon, and themſelves, and prevent your future Conqueſts. And whatſoever God may do, this is certain, that ſpirituous Liquors will either prevent your Triumphs there, as I have hinted before; or, to ſay the beſt of them, they muſt leſſen the Number of your Victims and Captives, by preventing Multitudes from encreaſing, and multiplying Mankind, who might otherwiſe have been very diligent and faithful therein. For theſe, and ſeveral other Reaſons (quoth he) I muſt give my Negative to your Motion. Such Perſons as neceſſarily leſſen the Eaſe, Proſperity, and Number of reaſonable Mortals, being very unfit to lead Multitudes to Hell.

HERE the jolly Dæmon ceaſed to ſpeak, and immediately a Committee of the fallen Powers was appointed by *Satan*, to conſider of the Matter of his Diſcourſe; and either to regiſter the ſame, if approved; or to depute

one to anſwer it, if we thought it moſt proper ſo to do.

IT fell to my Lot to make Reply; and, my Replication being approved below, I am now diſpatched to inform you, moſt worthy Gentlemen, of our late Controverſy, and of the Honours decreed by our auguſt Senate, to be conferred by Lot on every hundredth Soul that comes from Britain, having been, at leaſt, five Years one of your honourable Profeſſion: And may each of you continue ſtedfaſt, unmoveable; always abounding in ſuch Works as are injurious to Mankind: Then your Labours ſhall not be in vain.

THAT no Diſtruſt may ariſe in your Minds, touching my preſent Viſit, permit me, firſt, to read my Credentials from the Manſions below; then, my Replication; and laſtly, the Decree in your Favour; as follows.

*SATHAN*

*SATHAN*, ſupreme Governor of the Kingdom of Darkneſs; to my truſty and well-beloved Friends, the Preparers of, and Dealers in, deſtructive Spirits on Earth, greeting:

WE being daily convinced of your Loyalty to our Perſon, and Zeal for our Service, have reſolved to ennoble many Souls of your Order, on their Arrival in our Kingdom; and have diſpatched our truſty Agent, *Baalzebub*, to inform you thereof: To him pleaſe to give Credit as to us, who continually wiſh you Proſperity.

Given at our Court of *Pandæmonium*, the 5700th Year of our Reign.

My

My Replication was delivered in the Form following.

To the worthy Prince *Baccus*, and the reſt of the fallen Powers here preſent.

*Venerable Companions in Deſpair!*

HE, whom we muſt fear, he, whom we muſt hate, hath declared, that a Kingdom divided againſt itſelf cannot ſtand; not even our immortal Kingdom: therefore, it is not with any View to encourage Contention and Diſcord, that I now ſpeak, but by Command of you, my Brethren, and for the Glory and Intereſt of our grand Monarch: He, and we, unanimouſly and unweariedly endeavouring to deſtroy the Works, and oppoſe the Will of God; and in this important Taſk, we thankfully acknowledge the Aſſiſtance we daily receive, from great Numbers of Mankind.

*BRITISH* Gentlemen, for whoſe Benefit theſe Thoughts are chiefly intended, will readily allow that all Prieſts, except their own, are our very good Friends. It cannot be denied, but that moſt of them are ſo: and very many of their own Prieſts have done us great Service. But alas! what can they do? how little

little is the Miſchief they now perform? Few, very few, have lately been Victims to holy Zeal; except the preſent Wars in *Europe* are the Effects of deſtructive Piety, and if ſo, ſome Prieſts have made amends for their late Indolence.

PHYSICIANS and Lawyers, are generally eſteemed our Auxilliaries, and I confeſs that the Majority of them are ſo, thank Heaven for it! which hath no need of them. It's a conſiderable Honour to us, to be eſteemed fit Companions for Gentlemen, as theſe are.

COURTIERS alſo, and Soldiers and Sailor, are moſt of them greater Friends to us, than to themſelves: But all the Gentlemen I have hitherto mentioned, having Honours reſerved for them upon Earth, they obtain their Reward there, and cannot expect to ſhare with us the Peerage below, where none muſt expect to riſe, unleſs they merit.

THUS, you ſee the Juſtice of Hell exemplified, and our moſt excellent Government vindicated: We never beſtow two Rewards for one Action, how great ſoever it be. The Sons of Ambition, therefore, who for a Time took our Buſineſs out of our Hands, became the Executioners of Almighty Vengeance, and toſſed

toſſed us down ten Thouſands in a Day! muſt remember, that they were feared, and honoured, and flattered, and pleaſed, when on Earth; and after Death, they are damned! welcomed to Pain, and Infamy below! and that's enough for them.

It is out of the lower Ranks of Mankind, therefore, that we, according to our infallible and equitable Laws, muſt chuſe Perſons to ſhare with us the Dignity, which our mighty Potentate has reſolved, ſpeedily to confer upon ſuch Mortals, as have, in unregarded Stations, given all Diligence to deſtroy themſelves, and very many of their fellow Creatures.

Now, as I have proceeded thus far, permit me to point out the Candidates, and the Merits of each.

*Firſt*, The Bawds and Whores are a very numerous and very uſeful Body. Their Antiquity and Importance demand our peculiar Eſteem. But, what Honours have we here for Females? If we receive them into our Aſylum, and make them everlaſting Toaſts, it will, I hope, be ſufficient; the Whore of *Babylon* cannot hope for more: when here, perhaps they'll repent, if they can; beſides, the Honour of this Profeſſion ariſing from

their

their deſtroying the human Species, is greatly eclipſed by the Doctors and the Diſtillers, and therefore, they muſt expect to be rewarded accordingly.

*Secondly*, The brave and ingenuous Body of Murderers and Thieves, deſerve our Eſteem; and ſome of theſe may, if *Sathan* pleaſes, expect to ſhare the Peerage with us, though very few of them deſerve it: However, I will ſay nothing againſt the Merits of thoſe, who fear neither preſent nor eternal Shame and Puniſhment; did but their Actions, if juſtly tried and underſtood, deſerve either.

*Thirdly*, The numerous Body of Public-Houſe Keepers, numerous indeed they are! and their Trade, as it's now managed, deſerves our Approbation; but they being only Underlings on Earth, and their Buſineſs being a little beneficial to Mankind, prevents them from having any Expectations of Advancement here.

The Time would fail me, to enumerate all the Advantages we receive from moſt, if not all, other Trades and Callings, either directly or indirectly: I ſhall therefore omit ſuch a tedious Enumeration, and the Obſervations that would thence ariſe; aſſuring all

of them, that our Proceedings here are very ſpeedy, and very equitable: No Perſon that deſerves, can here be diſappointed of his juſt Reward.

The laſt I ſhall mention, are the Gentlemen of that moſt ſucceſsful Employment (both for their Profit and ours) the Diſtillers, for whom I am now appointed Advocate; and in Praiſe of their Spirits, and them, I could gladly ſpend more than the uſual Age of a Devotee to Drams; more than the Term of his or her Life, who, inſpired by them, daily reels towards us, and neceſſarily ſpeaks our Language, and travels the Broad-way; for none can go in the Narrow-way, that do not walk upright.

But, how can I declare their Praiſes? How expreſs their Importance? Wine and Strong-Beer have ſlain their Thouſands, but ſpirituous Liquors their Ten Thouſands! The real Nature of all they prepare, and ſell, is hurtful, if frequently uſed; and unleſs it be too frequently uſed, the Diſtillers would ſtarve. What can I ſay of the artificial Natnre of all, or moſt of their Liquors? An Inundation of their miſchievous Compoſitions, would be as dreadful in Hell, as *Noah*'s Flood was on Earth. How wonderfully miſchievous are ſpirituous Liquors!

The

The Wiſe behold it, the Drunken feel it; though, like Indian Poiſon, none know ſo well as they who prepare it. Thus far, Brother *Baccus*, you are right. Yet have theſe Liquors captivated more Perſons than Wine? The Fury of the Spirit is lowered, *ſecundum Artem*; then it becomes a ſlower, though no leſs ſure Poiſon: Variety of Flavours are infuſed therein, to delude the Taſte and render it agreeable; and it is uſed to give and remove the Diſorders of the Head and Stomach: Add to this, it was very cheap for a conſiderable Time; and for a Trifle, Men and Women might be intoxicated, and poiſoned. Whilſt the good-natured Diſtillers diſtributed Plagues, by Wholeſale and Retail; and proſperouſly ſpread around them, Poverty, Diſtempers, Suicide, Murders, Robberies, firing Houſes, Indecencies, and Madneſs: Such are the Fruits of their Spirit! Such the Operations of Gin! And I dare venture, in Behalf of theſe our valuable Friends, to aſſert, that almoſt every Rectifier who has got any Wealth by his Buſineſs, has been acceſſary to more Crimes, and been more injurious to his Country and Mankind, than all the Perſons that ſuffer'd at Tyburn during the Term he carry'd on that Trade.

I HOPE, the Gentlemen to whom we have been, and ſtill are ſo much indebted; who have been ſo uſeful to all our other Allies; particularly, to the Inhabitants of Bawdy-Houſes; the Promoters of Riots, and Rebellions; and the Candidates for *Tyburn*; cannot be neglected here, but will be all of them rewarded according to their Works.

THIS Speech was unanimouſly approved; even *Baccus* did not attempt to rejoin; but, ſhrugging his Shoulders, ſaid, He thought Mankind madder now than ever; for, he and his Companions choſe a ſhort Life and a merry one: But now, Men and Women chooſe a ſhort Life and a wretched one; and lived (if a Devotee to Drams, and other adulterated Liquors, could be ſaid to live) as if one Hell was not Puniſhment enough. He further confeſſed, that his long Confinement in the gloomy Manſions below, had not quite altered his chearful Temper; but that he ſtill loved to ſee and make Men and Women jovial and eaſy, as he thought it ſoon enough to be miſerable, when they came to the Regions of Deſpair.

Then the following Decree was made and regiſtered.

*SATHAN*, Sovereign in *Pandæmonium*, by the Advice and Conſent of his infernal Council, decrees and ordains, That out of every Hundred of Diſtillers that arrive from *Great Britain*, one ſhall be choſen by Lot, who ſhall have exerciſed the Trade of a Diſtiller, at leaſt five Years before his Arrival in the Regions of Darkneſs, to be one of the Lords of his Court, and of his Privy-Council, until the Number of one Thouſand, at leaſt, ſhall be ſo ennobled from that Profeſſion; ſo reſpectable amongſt the fallen Angels, and thoſe of the Children of Men, that love Darkneſs rather than Light.

THUS, withou Flattery, I have declared the Greatneſs of our Reſpect towards the *Britiſh* Diſtillery. Go on, worthieſt of Men, to deſerve not only theſe, but greater Favours; and be aſſured, that your Diligence, and Perſeverance in my Works, ſhall

ſhall not loſe its Reward, when your Souls come into my Territories.

CONSIDER the Greatneſs of the Honour now conferred upon you! It makes you equal to us, who were created much ſuperior to you in Nature. Once we were glorious Spirits; Princes of yon envied, yon never to be recovered, World; brighter than Morning Stars. Though now our Light is eclipſed, or rather deſtroyed, and everlaſting Darkneſs is our Portion. Comfortleſs we ſhould be, did not each of us conclude, as, I hope, you alſo reſpectively do, that we had better reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven: To be equal to us, who have born the Heat and Burthen of the Day below. For, as ſoon as you arrive on the Banks of *Phlegeton*, you will have the perpetual Pleaſure of torturing and deſpiſing thoſe, who damned themſelves to enrich you when on Earth; and of knowing how much the Miſchief every one of you did, exceeded that of twenty, nay a hundred poor Rogues, who expired on the Gallows, or in Bridewell.

*Secondly*, CONSIDER the Condeſcenſion of our ſupreme Head, in appointing you, rather than the great and brave, to Honours, like thoſe decreed to you. Not many wiſe Men,

Men, not maoy mighty, not many noble, are called to partake of them; but he raiſeth you from the Duſt, to Wealth and Greatneſs: He ſeeth not as Man ſeeth; but examines the Heart, knows each Man's real Importance, and rewards accordingly. How great will be your Triumph! when you ſhall ſee ſome of thoſe, who oppreſſed you, as you were pleaſed to call it, on Earth; as much below you in Hell, as they were formerly above you; and on whom you, by Virtue of our *Lex Talionis*, may inflict ſuch Pains and Penalties, in our ſpiritual Court, as will compenſate your Loſſes, Sufferings, and Labours, on their Account above.

AGAIN, conſider how liberal our Prince is to you. He grants you Affluence and Eſteem here, and Honours hereafter. You are at preſent the only ſucceſsful Alchymiſts, who turn all you touch into Gold; and by Ingredients more hurtful to others, than the poor deluded Hermetic's were to themſelves. You have changed Rags into Robes; mean Cottages into Palaces; and ſome of the meaneſt of Mankind into Gentlemen. So advantageous is that ſpirituous Calling, which hath our Promiſe of Poſſeſſions upon Earth, and Honours in Hell.

AND now, honoured Friends! permit me, like an honeſt Leader (having congratulated you on the Honour your Trade entitles you to expect with us below) to aſk each, and every one, of you, what you think of the Matter? Are ſuch Rewards to be deſpiſed? Are ſuch Honours worth no Toil, and Zeal, and Gratitude? Are you able to partake of my Enjoyments? Are not you ambitious to be great where you may be ſo? Ambitious you muſt be or you are unfit for Earth, or Hell, or Heaven; ambitious! to be as Princes for ever in the infernal Empire: An Empire ſo extenſive, and ſo populous, that all the Dominions upon Earth, are but as one petty Province compared therewith.

LET nothing miſlead you; let nothing deprive you of the Glory, to which you are invited. Remember, you muſt either remain loyal Subjects to my immortal Lord, or ſink from the Dignity of Diſtillers.

CAN you be pardoned, and retain the Offence? If you become Foes to us, you muſt not encreaſe your Wealth and Importance, by Means really unlawful, as your Trade unqueſtionably is: For, if you don't ſincerely obey my Enemy, he will not accept you;

you; if you wilfully diſobey one of his Commands, you are guilty of all: Whatever you may dream of Election, and Grace, and Mercy, all which Terms have been as ſerviceable to our Cauſe, as if we had them in our Creed; though thoſe Terms are not to be found in our Articles of Faith. Neither muſt you keep what you have unlawfully gotten, or any Part thereof; for, if you do, you'll become Partners with *Ananias* and *Saphira* hereafter, whatever you, or others may think here.

The plauſible accounts of Heaven, and the Qualms of Conſcience therefore muſt not, if you love Eaſe, Wealth, and Reputation, delude you. For the almoſt Chriſtian, the Hypocrite, and the Enemy to Mankind, muſt ſink to Hell, if they live and die ſo: And I would have you enquire ſeriouſly, how you can live and die otherwiſe, if you are Diſtillers? Any thing you can do, or ſay, or hope for, to the contrary notwithſtanding.

As you may now, and muſt hereafter be convinced, that the Buſineſs of a Diſtiller cannot be carried on with any preſent Advantage; but by ſuch Means, as deſtroy all rational and well-grounded Hopes of Salvation: Let me intreat you to go on bravely,

without thinking of it, or hoping for it; it is very unfaſhionable to hope for Rewards unſeen. It will be great pity, if your Puſillanimity ſhould deprive you of your preſent Gain, and render you unworthy of our infernal Honours; which if you go on courageouſly, you will undoubtedly deſerve. Be zealouſly affected to this noble cauſe, and be aſſured that you ſhall reap, if you faint not.

It may not be amiſs, or unacceptable, to give you a few Directions before I take my leave; how you may deſerve the honour deſigned you, and of which, unleſs it is your own Fault, you cannot be diſappointed.

*Firſt*, Endeavour as much as poſſible, to make your Buſineſs, in its firſt Stage, an Oppreſſion to the Poor. Ingroſs the beſt Wheat to make inflammatory ſpirits, and the beſt Sorts of inferior Grain to feed Swine, a Fleſh in which I much delight, eſpecially when fed by you: What? Though Huſks and Traſh were their antient and proper Food, the other will feed them better. And what is it to you, if you can feed a Thouſand Hogs, and get Money thereby; if a hundred Families are ſtarved for want of that Grain, you ſo plentifully convert into Pork and Poiſon. Gin, alas! is at preſent very dear, and the Poor can't hurt their Bodies and Souls

Souls therewith ſo much as formerly; let them then, by your Means, be driven to Want and Miſery; and they will be, firſt uneaſy; then deſperate; and finally, Curſe God and die.

*Secondly*, WORK continually when you may, make Hay whilſt the Sun ſhines, ſhould it ever ſhine on you again; for which our whole infernal Conclave do moſt heartily pray. Work Day and Night, and let no Regard be paid to the Sabbath, hereby your Servants will be made real Heathens, though nominal Chriſtians; and run as faſt towards our Dominions, as their Maſters.

*Thirdly*, TO you that are called Rectifiers, or, as I cannot help calling you, Adulterators, I now ſpeak. You are the Men that muſt crown, what the Deſtroyers, or, as commonly called, Diſtillers of Corn, began. You muſt adapt the fiery Liquor to injure Mankind; to injure them as much by receiving it, as the others did, by depriving them of good, wholeſome, ſubſtantial Food; of good Things, which were given by the Author of Nature (would you and I could quite forget him) for the Support, and not the Deſtruction of Mankind. Let all Arts be tried, to render your Liquors more and more unwholeſome; much more pernicious

than they ſhould or need be; there is both Pleaſure and Profit in deceiving Mankind: And it inſures your future Reward, in our World, however your Succeſs may be here.

I MIGHT give you many other Inſtructions, Gentlemen, beſide the former, which I think are abſolutely neceſſary, for your preſent Advantage, and future Honour: But, having, ſince my Arrival upon Earth, obſerved the various and important Improvements, of ſeveral ingenuous Adepts in your Semi infernal Myſteries; I forbear to ſay any more to you, leſt I ſhould have the pleaſing, dreadful News, to carry Home: That I found both Encouragement and Advice unneceſſary, amongſt the preſent Maſters of your Profeſſion; each of them being more cunning, more covetous, and more miſchievous than the Devil himſelf.

BUT, I muſt leave the myſterious, intoxicating Fumes of a Diſtil-houſe here collected, to perfume this Temple, ſacred to your Goddeſs, Geneva; for one, to me more agreeable, becauſe natural; Uſe being to us, as well as you, a ſecond Nature; and hope I have ſaid enough to fix your Reſolutions, to direct your Hopes, to animate your Minds, to engage each of you to do more,

for

for my Maſter and yours, than Perſons of any other Buſineſs can, or dare to do.

If you cannot be happy in the Paradice above, reſolve to be Heroes, and Princes, in the Abyſs below. Set your Affections on preſent Gain, and future Honour. Honour! which none ſhall enjoy, unleſs they deſerve; and which none can deſerve, unleſs their Atchievements are ſuperior to moſt of thoſe, who are by Men eſteemed wicked.

*For little Villains muſt ſubmit to Fate,*
*That great ones may enjoy the World in State.*
*And tho' Deceit may in this World prevail,*
*The Saint, and Hero, may be found in Hell.*
*And all who are to Heav'n, and Mankind, Foes;*
*Tho' proſp'rous here, muſt ſink to endleſs Woes.*

Rejoice in your Succeſs always; and again, I ſay, rejoice. Let your Proſperity be known unto all Men. Your Reward is at Hand.

Be careful for nothing, but encreaſe of Trade, and for that you muſt daily ſtrive. For

For thereby cometh encreaſe of your Gain; and of the Deſtruction of Mankind.

FINALLY, Gentlemen, triumph in your Wealth, your Furniture, your Dreſs, and your Influence at preſent, and be content, at Death, to go to our Abodes; to go to that Place, wherein alone the Heat, and Malignity of your Liquors can be exceeded.

*At preſent Farewell.*